PUBLICATIONS

Macartney and the Comtesse.

The Marquis in Cyrus Townsend Brady's story of "The Two Captains" (The Macmillan Company) issued from the beleaguered tower. The landscape rose in rugged hills. Gleams of reflected light were to be noticed radiating from the snowcapped summits of mountains situated on the far horizon. A rivulet brawled down the valley and plunged, with the recklessness possible to running water, into a rocky crevasse. A magnificent scene, but the Marquis regarded it with only half an eye, if indeed he regarded it at all. He "invariably preferred men to scenery, and, for all his age, women to either." There is an exclamation mark at this point in the text, but we have omitted it, feeling that we are not called upon to regard the

Just now, in the lamentable absence of any female (to employ the honored language of J. F. Cooper), the Marquis permitted himself to observe the laborious approach of a man. The man was "clambering up He was no chamois and the pain of his labors was doubtless The Marquis received him coldly-with the least sorry for him. hauteur. There was a most noticeable ourseives, if there had been no difference, being a Marquis? The man was burly, rough looking, with no signs of breeding. He displayed assurance, and yet uneasiness. word. His clothes did not fit. He was as constructed story (see preface) has enter-At this moment, or very soon afterward, Capt. Horatio Nelson commanding, began as conscientious pento discharge cannonballs at the beleaguering Republican forces. The large and vulgar Garron, the man who had been at thought to possesse himself of the Marquis's

the Comtesse de Vaudémont. hearts the moment he set eyes on her. We deserve no praise for our discernment he did not tie it himself. when we say that we knew at this point that the Comtesse and Macartney were to make a match of it. Napoleon is in the story as well as Nelson, but our opinion is that neither of them comes up to Macartney. At Toulon there were dreadful times, of said to a midshipman (page 96): "Isn't this awful?" The two conversed for a time. Presently the midshipman said (page 97): "Isn't it awful?" The boat landed and Macartney leaped ashore, a pistol in his left hand, his naked sword in his right. The Marquis and the Comtesse were waiting round the corner. We cannot say that they expected Macartney; it is only to be said that if they were like us they expected

They were in the same desperate fix that the Laird of Ury was in at Aberdeen. The mob was about them, foul of mouth and evil eyed. At an extremely terrifying moment Macartney broke in, followed by the coxswain of his boat. We surely cannot do better than to read a little at this point. The story says:

ney, firing his pistol point blank into the tions. In the fourth verse we read: mob and then hurling it at the nearest man. The coxswain was as quick as he with his pistol. The crowd yelled with terror and gave way in mad confusion as the two men fell upon them. They were both big and powerful men, coming forward on the run. A ship's cutlass at close quarters is a terrible weapon. These had been erally cut in two the nearest man. Macartney chose to thrust. His sword guard crashed against a breast bone, so fierce and powerful was his lunge. To disengage and thrust again was the work of a moment. There was another slash from the coxswain. The lust of battle was on the sailor and he was yelling like a madman. Macartney's play was more silent, but none the less deadly. * * * 'It's Capt. Macartney! suddenly cried the Comtesse, recognizing him in the firelight. * * * 'I can at least die with you,' answered Macartney. · · After a furious lunge Macartney slipped on the bloody stones of the street. A pistol cracked behind him. . . Louise had fired, saving his life."

Louise was the Comtesse de Vaudémont Napoleon came along. "The little officer looked very small on his huge white horse." The mob cheered. He said: "You know me then, my braves? No one serves the Republic better than I. Leave me these aristocrats." They got aboard ship and Macartney sailed out of the harbor. A nice job this. The capstan was pawled twice. The downhauls were let go and hoisted away. The spanker sheets were hauled out. When Macartney cried out in a steptorian voice: "Loose the to'gallan's'ls and r'yals!" it was done before you could say Jack Robinson. The bowlines were cleared away. The braces were hauled taut and braced up and braced abex. The ship performed a bold circular movement-which does not surprise us. "Man the capstan!" cried Macartney. The Marquis, himself an Admiral, was unable to conceal his delight. "Very handsomely done, sir," he said to Macartney.

A bullet grazed Macartney's forehead. "You are wounded!" oried the Comtesse " 'Tis a trifle," said the happy Macartney. She insisted on dressing the wound. At this point the author enters upon unusual detail. We read:

"She washed the wound, wiped it with the towel and looked about as if for something softer as a bandage.

"'Haven't you anything better than this?" she asked him, lifting the towel. 'The linen is so coarse.'

" 'Nothing, I am afraid,' smiled Macart-'That's good enough for a sailor.' 'Turn away your head, monsieur; do not look," said the girl, coming to a sudden

*There was a sound as of some one stooping, then a sudden long and one short pull. Macartney would have given anything to have looked around.

"It's part of my linen skirt,' she said, binding the soft cloth around his head." The infamous Garron, the peasant who thought to marry the Comtesse de Vaudémont, the same whose clothes did not fit when he came with a white flag to the belenguared tower in the first part of the story, was about to hang the gigantic and exceilent Brébœuf, faithful retainer of the Comtesse's grandfather, when Napoleon intervened. This was on shipboard at

Aboukir. Napoleon was in the nick of time. Garron was about to give the fatal word.

We read: 'The words, 'Sway away!' trembled on his lips as the reluctant men took up the slack of the rope, when through the crowd at the gangway there burst a small but

'Stop!' he cried in a voice of authority which could not be mistaken. 'Bonaparte!' gasped Garron, blanching

" 'Release that man!' oried the little General. 'Instantly!' He stamped his foot

upon the deck. 'Unbind him! How dare Napoleon's anger was terrible. We will

not dwell upon it. We read on: "The men before him fairly shrank back and made room for him. They recognized him at once. Bonaparte turned to Garron. ultimate preference of the Marquis as The sailor was twice as big as the General. Bonaparte seized him by the shoulder and shook him as if he had been a rat.'

We are not vindictive, but it does not pain us to relate that this common person, who was also a traitor, and who had absolutely no business to aspire to the hand of the Comtesse de Vaudémont, was shot apparent. He bore a white flag, and had Republic which he had pretended to support. viously come to parley with the Marquis. We find no evidence that the author was in

We have already either intimated or said difference between the Marquis and the that Macartney won the Comtesse. They man. This pleases us, for, we may ask were married aboard ship, as a gallant sea dog and an Admiral's granddaughter what would have been the advantage of had a right to be. Nelson gave away the Macartney became Robert Macartney and finally Lord Macartney, both of which honors there can be no A common sailor he was, to relate the doubt that he richly deserved. We will overwhelming fact concerning him in a add that this thoughtful and laboriously inelegantly large as the Marquis was small. tained and pleased us not a little. We his Britannic Majesty's ship Agamemnon, from this fruitful and captivating as well

A Song of Southern Heroes.

A book comes to us, much to our gratithe pains to come with the white flag had fication, from Birmingham, Ala. The author, Mr. Orion T. Dozier, M. D., seems granddaughter, but now he found himself | to be his own publisher. A portrait of Dr. with good reasons to despair of the success | Dozier makes a handsome frontispiece. of that outrageous enterprise. Lieut. A head of admirable proportions holds Robert Macartney of the Agamemnon itself, thrown slightly upward and backcame ashore presently. A beauteous crea- | ward, in a manner indicative of virility. ture, the granddaughter in question, un- The brow is lowered and inclined to be barred to him the door of the tower. "Your corrugated, and the expression of the eyes name, mademoiselle?" said he. Said she is slightly severe. The nose is straight, (end of the eventful fifth chapter): "I am | with open and apparently sensitive nostrils; Macartney forgot all his other sweet- and "goatee." We should say that the doctor's cravat was a fixed creation, and that

On the page opposite we have the picture fence, set off by trees, vines and shrubbery, and entitled "Residence of the Author." It seems to be a very sensible house, as well as a good looking one. Our strong course. Macartney, who was out in a boat, belief is that there is a barn behind, though we cannot see it. Over the leaf we have a picture in colors of the flag of the Southern Confederacy, and turning still again we find the title of the volume, "A Galaxy of Southern Heroes, and Other Poems." A poem of war and heroes may very properly begin in a gentle key. After smiling skies, the fury of the storm will seem the greater. The opening here is full of a most peaceful The first verse of "A Galaxy

of Southern Heroes" is as follows: Once more the gental Southern sun Has called the roses into bloom. Once more the fragrant jessamine Lades all the air with sweet perfume. Once more the little mating birds. In every bush and tree are seen. Once more the earth her carpet spreads Of softest velvet grassy green.

No sound of war at all as yet, but the "That slow surge toward the wall which poet feels presently the need that is before would soon develop into a rapid rush had him. He mentions the dove of peace, then already begun when Macartney and the squarely faces his theme. He is conscious coxswain burst upon the scene. "These are of its great requirements, and is aware of my people! Into them, cox'n!' cried Macart- the vehement stirrings of his own ambi-

But would to God my struggling muse Could break the bonds that bind my sou And let my wild, impassioned thoughts Like ocean's stormy billows roll. While I so vainly now attempt To sing in lofty peans grand

That meed of praise to patriots due-The heroes of my native land. If he could express his feelings adequately ground to a razor edge. The coxswain lit- and in a manner worthy of them the result would be impressive, and, we should think, disappointing to nobody. In the fifth verse he specifies:

With heaven's face for music scroll, And realms of space for octave bars. My clefs should be the sun and moon. My music notes the blazing stars. And, oh! I'd sing with lofty strain And sweep the gamut of the skies Till every sleeping patriot's soul Should wake and from his grave arise!

But though he should do that, and even more; though he should have the cyclone's force, and the flaming lightning for his tongue, and a brain as broad as the universe, and a voice to tones of thunder strung-still he would fail short of the call made upon him, and there would reunder any circumstances, and with all con- Dozier's book-all good. ceivable equipment, would it be possible to deal adequately with the subject of the ninth verse of the poem?

Then see you brilliant, fiery star.

Proud Robert Toombs-majestic man. With wild, tempestuous, flaming soul, Too great for human words to span, From out whose rugged, heaving breast, In raging, seething tempests rolled, Consuming fires of eloquence— Mount Æina, he, of human mould.

A hero of far quieter manners is celebrated in verse 28. With less disturbance of the wilder emotions, but with great interest and with entire approbation,

To Cuban Isle but turn your gaze. See, where oppression long has reigned, A rising star, destined to blaze Eternal on Old Glory, dear. Joe Wheeler, great in peace and war, Has plucked from out the Antilles For freedom's flag another star.

We should consider it a gross neglect and a positive sin of omission not to reproduce here the first verse of the poem about

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PUBLICATIONS

MARCH CENTURY

"Rose o'the River" Kate Douglas Wiggin

The Outlook for Reform in Russia

Interviews with Minister Witte, the Leader of the Zemstvo Movement. Tolstoi, etc.

New Siege Warfare at Port Arthur

Richard Barry Correspondent, tells of the devices used by the Japanese Army in the Siege

Luther Burbank's Marvellous Experiments in Plant Breeding Fully Illustrated

Six Good Stories

"New-York Sky Scrapers" Six Exquisite Drawings by Joseph Pennell Departments Color Work

The lines to the President of the Southern Confederacy have a briskness of movement, a tripping quality, which is not without its effect. We read:

I have read on history's pages, Penned by poets and by sages Of the heroes of the ages, Names which all men revere: But I never yet have read. Of the living or the dead. Of whom it could be said

He was Jeff Davis's peer. The poem to Admiral Semmes is not heavy, though it has the constraint of the more orthodox serious forms. It was written on the occasion of the Admiral's We read:

Another gallant chieftain
Of the grand, herole band.
Who, in the cause of freedom, For our bless'd Southern land, Has doffed his earthly laurels For Heaven's brighter crown

My pen is too unworthy To eulogize his name, For "earth's remotest nations" Are familiar with his fame. His grand, heroto deeds Upon the rolling sea Have made his name immed as that of Robert Lee.

And the waves of old Atlantic. As they break upon the shore Will sing in loudest praises His name for evermore; And the proud, unfettered winds,
As they sweep from pole to pole.
Will chant in mournful dirges A requiem to his soul.

While his bright and faithful sword. Will shine beneath the deep In its silent, safe retreat, And there 'twill rest forever, Without a blot or stain, The peerless gem of gems
That decks old ocean's main

We wish that the Admiral might have lived to enjoy this tribute. He led a strenuous life for a considerable period, and was main much to be desired. This is his own doubtless entitled to solace and refreshfeeling in the matter. How, for instance, ment. There are 304 pages of poetry in Dr.

One of the tales in the quietly written and distinctly entertaining book "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary," by Montague Rhodes James, doctor of literature and fellow of King's College, Cambridge (Longmans. Green & Co.), is concerned with room number 13 in the hotel of the Golden Lion in the town of Viborg in Denmark. The Golden Lion, of course, is an old hotel ghosts do not commonly thrust themselves into new places. It was one of the few houses in Viborg which escaped the great fire of 1726-a fire that did its best, and did very well, to make Viborg modern This room 13 in the Golden Lion strangely came and went. It was telescopic in its manifestations. It encroached at times upon its heighbors, rooms 12 and 14, reducing them each from three windows front to two windows, then receded and became quite undiscoverable. It can be imagined that the Englishman in room 12, who was in Viborg for the purpose of searching the Government archives for information relating to the last Roman Catholic Bishop who had been established in the place, was puzzled to find himself now with three windows and now with only two. He would leave a cigarette stump on the sill of an end window on retiring to bed at night and would find it in the morning on the sill of the middle window. His portmanteau, which lay on a trestle close to the wall separating him from room 14, would go away at night and come back in the morning-a most uncanny proceeding. In the hall a door numbered 13 came and went in a truly surprising and dis-

turbing manner.
Our Englishman had the landlord up one evening for the purpose of proving to him that there was a room 13 in his housesomething that the landlord, an instructed man and a derider of superstitions, declared was not susceptible of proof. There was no room 13 in his house because the bagmen, or drummers as we call them, who made up the great run of his customers would not "stand for it." He was an enlightened man himself, and he had no fear of that number, but he had to consider

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his customers, including their prejudices and unwarranted and even ridiculous

As the landlord was holding forth in an

entirely reasonable and convincing manner, a shrick arose from what should have been room 14. This was succeeded by dancing of a preposterously noisy character. It was plain, though strange, that the small and quiet lawyer who occupied 14 was drunk. The lawyer himself put an and to this plain and indisputable inference. He burst into No. 12, full of righteous anger, to inquire what the row was about. At this the landlord's hair stood on end. So did everybody else's hair. But we shall tell no more. Whether the last Catholic Bishop of Viborg, who had been dead for several hundred years, was dancing in room 13 of the Golden Lion we shall not say. Indeed, we do not quite know. We are not satisfied as to the identity of the apparition that reached out from room 13 and offered to scratch the lawyer from room 14 as he stood in the hall waiting for the stout hotel porters to come up with axes and crowbars.

Another of the stories here, "The Mezzotint," concerns a picture for which the dealer asked two guineas, and which seems to have been well worth the price, supposing one to have a taste for disturbing pictures, inasmuch as at one time it was a picture of a house merely and at another time it included a masked figure stealing up to the house in the dead of night and obviously bent on some dreadfully wicked performance. Another, entitled "The Ash Tree," relates the shocking history of Castringham Hall, in Suffolk, England, where gigantic spiders, that seem to have had some connection with a woman who was hanged for a witch, entered a certain window facing the west whenever it was left open at night, and destroyed with their polsonous bites anybody who might be sleeping there. Another, called "Lost Hearts," tells of Mr. Abney of Aswarby Hall in Lincolnshire, a scholarly gentle-

Continued on Eighth Page.

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The Lawson Bubble Punctured

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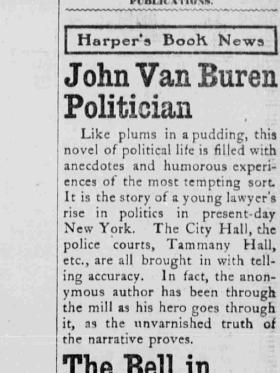
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By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

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Readers of Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror" and "Rulers of Kings" will be sur-prised to find this author outdoing herself in this volume of short stories. The tales are all little masterpieces, as exquisite in workmanship as those of Maupassant, to which they bear a decided resemblance,

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